Hell. That hē have his, call up ſome gentlemen.

2 *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboard, I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolve you.

Lyſ. Haile reverēt ſir, thē gods preſerve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well being on ſhorē, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Governor of this placē you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyſ. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe ſprings from the loſſe of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe is your ſight, hē will not ſpeake to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtainē my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, til the diſaſter that one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all haile, the gods preſerve you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well bethought, ſhē queſtionleſſe with her ſweete harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt,

ſtopt, ſhē is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and hēr fellow maides, now upon the levie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſlands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing wee'l omit that bearēs recoveries name. But ſince your kindneſſe we have ſtretcht thus farre, let us beſeech you, that for our gold we may have proviſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſſe.

Lyſ. O ſir, a courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God for every graffe would ſend a Caterpiller, and ſo inflict our Province: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sir, ſir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O hee's the Lady that I ſent for.
Welcome faire one: Iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde,
Come of a gentle kinde and noble ſtocke,
Ide wiſh no better choiſe, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire and all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſicke ſhall receive ſuch pay,
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe my uttermoſt skill in his recovery, provided, that none but I and my companion maide be ſuffered to come neere him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her proſperous.

The Song.

Lyſ. Markt he your Muſicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeake to him.

Mar. Haile ſir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited ēyes, but have beene gazed on like a Comet: ſhe ſpeakes my Lord, that